2:Seligman & Seligman E-5 (1909-1910) 1932
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to the bride-wealth of her brother's son. She may demand the cattle for her brother's son from her own husband, and he will always give them; should he refuse she might threaten to leave him. We were told that a boy who had no *waja*, *nywaja*, or sister, would be poor indeed. The two latter do not actually contribute, but in the lad's position of *una* to his *nywaja* and brother to his sister he gets a portion of the bride-wealth given on their marriage.

We could obtain little reliable information relating to age-classes or similar organizations, and formed the opinion that the institution was of little importance and was probably dying out, and that neither knocking out teeth or scarring the forehead could properly be regarded as a puberty rite.[1] Both girls and boys—except the royal family down to the *kwanyireth*—have the four lower incisors knocked out, but no reason could be discovered. Mr. Heasty informs us that the lower milk incisors are taken out—or the young teeth may be burnt away—in babies so young that the teeth may not have come through the gum. This is done both by *kwareth* and commoners, lest the child should become ill or die. The permanent teeth are removed in the tenth or eleventh year and buried near the parents' house. Girls and boys are treated separately in groups, but we could not discover that the operation gave rise to any social bond. Here we may add that to knock out a man's front teeth (presumably this refers to the upper jaw) is considered a grave offence, and in the old days a fine of ten head of cattle was imposed.

Foreheads are scarred at much the same age or a little later, two or three lines of scars, called *tai*, being made, which in the young stand out like beads across the brow and are regarded as greatly enhancing the appearance. This also is done in groups by some man who is expert at the work. Forehead scarring seems to come nearer to being an initiation ceremony in the common use of the term, and at this period the lads cease to sleep in their parents' hut, they go to the cattle byre and beat the drums and take full part in the dances. It is true that lads do dance before this, but rather in play and more as imitators than participators, whereas after head scarring the dance becomes an important occupation with great social significance, for when a lad dances with the warriors he is considered a man. Though age-classes have not the obvious social importance that they have among Nuer and Dinka, lads scarred at the same time were

[1] Mr. Heasty notes that in the neighbourhood of Doleib Hill there have been no new age-classes for many years.

29:Dempsey M-5 (1940-1954) 1955
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of frenzied barking, as all the mongrels in the place, suddenly galvanized into life at the appearance of a stranger, give tongue to their displeasure and make a concerted rush with the evident intention of tearing me to pieces. I shout to one or two youths loitering near and ask them to call off the dogs, but to no avail, so I seize a stick and get in a telling smack or two on some which have ventured too near, and disperse the rest with a few well-aimed lumps of cotton soil. They retreat to a safe distance barking and growling threateningly, but at least I can make my way into the village in peace. There is little astir; a few men squat near the cow byre gossiping while one lies prostrate on the ground with the village hairdresser anointing his hair with a mixture of red mud, oil and ashes as a preparation for building it up into an elaborate coiffure. Most of the women have not yet returned from their daily trudge to the river for water, but the spirals of smoke rising from behind the reed fences which surround the individual homesteads indicate that some of the more industrious housewives have already begun to prepare the morning meal. A group of small children, pot-bellied and large-eyed, soon run to surround the Father and his bicycle; gravely they scrutinize him and his mount while some shyly offer him the customary Shilluk greeting, '*Yi bi*—You have come'. The bolder spirits among them venture to come closer to investigate the wonder of his wrist watch, putting their ears against it to hear its ticking with smiles of amazement and delight.

The children follow the priest as he wheels his cycle across the open space to where the knot of idlers is sitting near the cattle byre. The village chief who is among them rises courteously to greet the white man; '*Jal duong*,' he says, '*Yi nin*: Great one, you have slept.' I answer him in accustomed fashion, '*Yi nut*: You are here,' and then each man of the group greets me separately and receives his answer. I seat myself in the place of honour on the chief's mat and smoke a cigarette with him, discussing the prospects of the crops and making enquiries about certain ones in whom I am interested. Soon I excuse myself and go off in search of my